



Poem

Prince EUGENE:

An HEROIC

POEM

On the Victorious Progress of the
 Confederate Arms in *Italy*; under
 the Conduct of his Royal Highness
 the Duke of SAVOY, and
 Prince EUGENE.

— Vos, O Pueri atque Puellæ,

— Male ominatis,

Parcite verbis.

Hic dies verè mihi Festus, atq;

Eximet Curas Ego nec Tumultum,

Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente

Cæsare terras. Hor.

By M^r B. C. L. V. C. N. & J. P. R.

L O N D O N:

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Low

Prince EUGENE,

An HEROIC

POEM.

O! lend, *Pierian Virgins*, lend your Aid,
 You that o'er Music's Pow'rful Force preside;
 Be ye m'aspiring Fancy's Pilot here,
 And teach her how to Charm th' attentive Ear;
 ANNA and EUGENE claim the Joyful Song;
 Then Harmonize my Rude unskilful Tongue,
 That future Ages may hereafter Read
 ANNA's Immortal Name, and EUGENE's Wond'rous
 Deed.

————— O cou'd my Pen
 With MARO's true Majestic Sweetness shine!
 Had I but Tuneful PRIOR's Excellence,
 GARTH's Melting Harmony, and MILTON's Sense;
 Then to sublimest Themes I might aspire;
 And Greatest Hero's not disdain to Hear,
 Their fam'd Atchievements tun'd unto my Lyre.

Illustrious EUGENE be the Noble Choice,
 To him adapt thy Harp, and tune thy Voice :
 Fam'd SAVOY too, his Daring Acts Rehearse,
 And as unparallel'd their Deeds, Heroic be thy Verse.

Behold the *Genius* of this Happy Isle,
 Now greets us with an Influencing Smile.
 ALBION, exulting rises from her Bed
 Of dark *Oblivion*, where she long had laid
 Like a Recluse *Monastic* ; Joys to hear,
 The Glorious Conduct of her Sons in War ;
 A Race of *English Hero's*, who have turn'd
Fate's Desultory Course, and from her Urn
 Retriev'd expiring *Fortitude* : -----
 She fears no longer LEWIS' dread Alarms,
 But crowns with Blessings our Successful Arms.
 For while the Throne by ANNA is supply'd,
 And Conquering MARLBRO does our Armies lead ;
 FRANCE does in vain her Mighty Strength impart,
 And dive to *Hell* for Stratagems of Art :
 The *Fiends* below will needless Efforts lend ;
 Whilst the Eternal Powers our Cause defend.

The sliding Year's great *Hieroglyphick Snake*,
 Had scarcely twice unskin'd her speckled Back ;

The

Since LEWIS in his greatest Splendor shone,
 Array'd in *Glory*, and himself a *Sun*.
 The mighty Orb had heard the *Tyrant's* Fame,
 And greatest *Empires* trembled at his *Name*.
 Kings became *Vassals* to his Conquering Sword,
 And paid their Homage to him as their *Lord* :
 The *Tyrant's* Will, they as a *Law* obey'd,
 And ANNA only unmolested sway'd
 BRITANNIA'S Scepter : ANN, to whom just *Heav'n*
Armies and *Powers* Invincible has giv'n,
 To quell the Insults of his Tumid Breast,
 And render EUROPE back her former Rest.
 This Noble Work she'll soon determinate ;
 Ev'n now Proud *Gaul* perceives approaching *Fate*.
 The *Basis* of Her stately *Empire* reels,
 And the *Reward* of Its Ill Conduct feels.
 How soon his Mighty *Armies* were o'erthrown.
 The Plains of BLENHEIM, and RAMILLIA own :
 Those *Fields*, still Damp with human Gore, can tell
 What Num'rous Squadrons in each Battel fell ;
 How MARLBRO', like the Great *Alcides*, ro'd
 Among th' Engaging Cohorts, and withstood
 Unmov'd, the *Gallic* Force.—
 “———How much are we,
 “Heroic Man, indebted unto Thee !

“ By what can We our thankful Hearts express.

“ To Thee the Author of our *Happiness* ?

“ Our *Stocks* too Poor, thy *Labours* to pursue ;

“ For ev'ry Day requires our Thanks anew.

But now, my *Muse*, bring back thy lofty *Song* ;
 And let Great EUGENE'S Acts thy *Theme* prolong.
 Long had this Princely Youth, whose daring Soul,
 No Force, tho e'er so Potent, cou'd controll ;
 Withstood the Harsh *Vicissitudes* of *Fate*,
 Immur'd with mighty Troubles, Toil, and Sweat.
 Undauntedly he mov'd with Sov'reign Force,
 Nor *Seas*, nor *Mountains*, cou'd resist his Course.
 His mighty Soul design'd for horrid *War*,
 Made him in all his *Actions* Great appear.
 In him a thousand matchless *Virtues* shine,
 In him their Great, their Godlike *Magazine*.

Now 'twas, *Turin*, the *Hero's* Help requir'd,
 With th' Insults of Besieging *Armies* tir'd ;
 No *Stratagems*, as yet, cou'd make It yield ;
 The *French* were always with great Loss repell'd :
 But now, oppress'd by num'rous Arms, in vain
 The *City* strives its *Freedom* to maintain :
 The almost Vanquisht Soldiers leave the *Wall*,
 While the *Besiegers*, with fresh Vigour fall,

The

Upon the poor disheartned Bands. Yet see !
 The Favours of Propitious *Heaven* !
 Who had *EUGENE* and *Gen'rous SAVOY* sent,
 The Triumphs of proud *Gallia* to prevent.
Turin, to see her Native *SAVOY* near,
 With Cries of Exultation rend the *Air*, }
 To welcome their *Divine Deliverer*.
 The *Hero's* quickly rais'd the Siege. But lo !
 They're now t' engage with a more Powerful Foe :
Fame having wing'd the News to *ORLEANS*
 In whom were plac'd the Hopes of *France* ;
 He march'd, and to his Men no rest did give ;
 Resolv'd his Country's Glory to retrieve.
 The *Hero's* now prepare their Men to fight,
 And boldly to dispute their Nation's *Right* :
Honour began to flame in ev'ry Breast,
 While *Rage*, and *Envy* them to *Battel* press'd.
 The *Armies* view'd each other Face to Face,
 And both maintain'd *Ideas* of Success :
 The Sight a Gen'rous Fury did Create,
 And made them all their Toils and Cares forget ;
 All things prepar'd, a Martial Strain Alarms,
 And calls the *Military Bands* to Arms.

But here, my *Muse* must stop her towring Flight,
 And let a Nobler *Genius* sing the *Fight* :

This

This Subject wou'd require as great a Tongue,
 As his, that once the * *Wars of Angels* sung ;
 His lofty *Muse*, with an aspiring Wing,
 Might ORLEANS Fall, and EUGENE'S Conquests sing.
 " Teach then, ye *British Bards*, your Harps to speak
 " The Mighty *Battel* ; Let your *Lyres* emit
 " *Energic* Lines, and high Expressions, fraught
 " With Bold and Solid *Emphasis* of Thought.
 " By this Posterior *Ages* will admire
 " The *Hero's Acts*, and praise the *Poet's Lyre*.

Methinks I see the Troops with direful Rage,
 As Winds within a mighty Storm engage ;
 While with the Horrid Din, and Loud *Alarms*
 Of Thundring *Cannons*, and the Clash of Arms,
 The dying Groans, and Cries that Soldiers make,
 The *Mountains* nod, and *Earth's* Foundations shake.
 Yonder Great EUGENE, all besmeard with Blood,
 Breaks thro the Squadrons, like the *Martial God* ;
 And as a *Ship* the yielding Waves divides,
 So He, among the Troops undaunted rides ;
 His Enemies in vain his Force withstand,
 And shun the Danger of his Conquering Hand.
 And yonder SAVOY too, methinks I see,
 Boldly contending with the *Enemy* :

Round

* *Milton's Paradise Lost.* An Heroick Poem

Round him a thousand pointed *Weapons* play,
 And at his Feet, great Heaps of Vanquish'd lay :
 And now, methinks I see the *French* retire,
 As Tender Birds, when they perceive the Snare ;
 Disorder'd, and with wild *Confusion* torn,
 Whilst *Laurels* do the *Victor's* Brows adorn.
 Never was *Battel* with more Conduct fought,
 Or *Victory* So great, so cheaply Bought :
 Let the *Old World* its Hero's boast no more,
 Since *Latter Ages* have as great in store.
 Shou'd the Fam'd *Macedonian* Youth arise
 Against the *Modern World*, his *Victories*,
 Which made him *Earth's* great Universal Lord,
 Wou'd have been Rivall'd by *ANN's* conqu'ring Sword.
 BRITANNIA'S Blessings now begin t'appear,
 And to Impart their *Influence* ev'ry where.
 Not *Rome*, in all her Pomp appear'd so fair,
 Nor cou'd her CÆSARS, with our *ANN* compare.
 They did by *Tyrannies* their Power maintain ;
 But *ANNA* does by *Right*, and *Justice* Reign.
England was never in more Splendor seen,
 Nor cou'd she boast so Great, so Good a Queen :
 Her Study's how to make her Subjects blest,
 And settle Thrones by *Tyrannies* oppress'd.
 'Tis thus, that we our mighty Conquests win ;
 And thus, our Temples grac'd with *Laurels* shine.

FRANCE's Tyrannic Potentate may mourn,
 To see his *Glories* sink into their *Urn* :
 A Tyrant's wretched Lot is always Cast ;
Ne'er truly Happy, and unblest at last.
 He long his great *Dominion* had maintain'd,
 And *Uucontroul'd* a Haughty *Tyrant* Reign'd :
 The Distant Banks of Eastern *Ganges* heard
 The dreadful Tyrants Cruelties, and fear'd ;
 And the affrighted *World* with Awe was struck,
 And fear'd the Burthen of the *Gallic* Yoak.

But *Providence* has now Reliev'd the Earth,
 And stopt th' Infernal *Hydra's* Monstrous Birth :
France does by *England's* Powerful Arms expire;
 And as *France* sinks, so *England* rises higher.
LEWIS in vain at *Hell's* Tribunal waits,
 And courts those *Synods* for a milder *Fate* :
 Their *Machinations* will abortive be,
 Defective, and as Impotent as he.
 We to the Higher *Pow'rs* for Counsel go ;
 To them we all our mighty Conquests owe :
 Tis *Heav'n* that leads our *Armies* out to fight,
 And puts our Boldest *Enemies* to Flight :
 Thus did we *BLLENHEIM* and *RAMILLIA* win ;
 Thus Conquests follow *MARLBRO'*, and *EUGENE*.
AUSTRIA, that lately did his Troubles mourn,
 Smiles to behold his *Fortunes* kind Return ;

He

He now will quickly mount his Rightful *Throne*,
And soon *Eclipse* Young *PHILIP*'s *Setting Sun*.

Thy Acts, Great *EUGENE*, will for ever shine,
And *SAVOY*'s too, employ the willing Pen.

Hero's your Matchless Deeds will Emulate,

And the succeeding *Ages*, Celebrate

Your Hallow'd Names. *Turin* will ever be,

Piously Grateful to your *Memory* ;

And will *Solemnial* Festivals prepare,

And then in Joyful Songs their Gratitude declare.

Vict'ry her Laurels scarcely had entwined

About your Heads ; but swifter than the *Wind*,

Upwards she straight did bend her Airy Flight,

To bring the *Tidings* to the *Realms* of *Light*.

Myriads of *Angels*, with fair Beams array'd,

Upon the *Tops* of *Heav'n*'s high Turrets stay'd.

To wait her Coming.-----

Scarce had the *Goddeſs* reach'd the *Blissful* Place,

And told the News ; but ev'ry *Angel*'s Face

Declar'd their Joy : Th' exulting *Cherubs* then,

To sing unto their tuneful *Harp*s began ;

While the Resplendent Roofs, and Arches sung,

With the sweet *Symph'ny* of each *Angel*'s Tongue.

Go on, Great Souls, your Conquests still pursue,
Your Laurels, and your *Victories* renew.

Propi.

Propitious Heav'n does lend his kind aiding Hand ;
 And when you fighting amidst Armies stand,
 He guards you from the Insolence of *Harms*,
 And, with Success, Crowns your all conquering *Arms*.
Tyranny now declines, and we shall see
 LEWIS'S Tragical *Catastrophe*.
 The *Times*, the blessed *Times* are drawing near,
 When bright *ASTRÆA* shall on *Earth* appear.
 All *Nations Militant*, shall sleep in *Peace*,
 And *Radiant Virtue* take the *Tyrant's Place*.
 Tumultuous *Broils* will cease, and *Bloody Wars*,
 And *Soldiers* ne'er commemorate their *Scars*.
 We shall the Great *Saturnian ÆRA* see,
 When *Virtue* ev'ry where will *Regent* be ;
 And *Vice*, disrob'd of her *Insulting Power*,
 Molest the *World's Tranquility* no more ;
 Where all things will conjoin'd in *Union* be,
 And taste the *Sweets* of an *Eternal Jubilee*.

F I N I S.

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